
participate in that rational enjoyment to be derived from the society of educated and intellectual persons.

After some remarks by Mr. Disraeli, who deprecated the growing practice of quoting newspaper articles as authorities in debate, the subject dropped.

ARRIVAL OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY AT SAN FRANCISCO.

(From the San Francisco Herald, 5th April.)

The United States was steamer Powhatan, Captain G. F. Fisher, bound for the Japanese port of Yokohama, and the Japanese ambassador, Prince Komatsu, accompanied by his suite, arrived at San Francisco on the 5th of the 18th of March, which was the day of the Japanese embassy, having in this port yesterday at half-past nine o'clock. She was received with a salute by the United States cutter Marcy, Captain Pease, which was duly returned. Intelligence of the arrival was immediately conveyed by telegraph to the Japanese admiral at Moro Island, and at half-past three a cablegram was received from the Japanese admiral at Moro Island, to the Powhatan got under way for Moro Island, to undergo slight repairs that have been found necessary.

The Powhatan sailed from the port of Kanagawa, Japan, on the 15th of February, but put in at the San Francisco anchorage on the 18th of March, at Honolulu from the 5th to the 18th of March, which was the day of her delay. The news brought from Japan by this arrival is important. It is to the effect that the representatives of the United States in good faith with the United States, had determined to proceed with the difficulty attending trade in consequence of the difference in the relative values of Japanese and American money. They had ordered the coming of Japanese dollars at the Mexican standard, which is adopted by the Chinese.

No sooner had the anchors been let go, than she was surrounded by a number of visitors anxious to behold the representatives of the great empire of Japan, but the most unknown, empire of Japan. A custom examination proved that nothing had been omitted by the officers of the ship which could conduce to the honor of their country. Etiquette is a most marked feature with the Japanese, and it is most strictly preserved in their intercourse toward each other; although, with a delicacy and tact worthy of the best of their kind, they all observed upon their observation. Their courtly manners were followed as well as their dignity and marked good breeding, are proverbial. They are almost all admirable sketchers, and all well versed in the Chinese, not only in this particular but in the rest of the Chinese language. The officers of the Powhatan's machinery, and every object that commands their attention, is immediately sketched with remarkable fidelity and excellence of execution. The Japanese are very anxious to view the machinery of the Powhatan, and they are very much interested as one of the greatest events of modern times. It is difficult to overestimate the benefit that promises to result to the United States, but more especially to the Japanese, from the knowledge of the verification of the goodwill entertained by the government of a country sealed against all foreign intercourse since 1837—over 200 years—for the very first time, and the permission of the Dutch can scarcely be termed commercial. It is a great honor to the United States to be wisdom on our part to remember the fate of other nations who once enjoyed relations with the Japanese similar to those now opening to us. The "Portuguese" and "Dutch" were followed by the "British" and "American" throughout the Japanese Empire in the latter part of the sixteenth century, but finally threw away their advantage. In the seventeenth century the English and French foundered, and were followed by the "Dutch" and "American" commercial privileges; but those, too, were lost after a short time. The Russians made vigorous efforts to cement commercial relations with the Japanese, but they were repulsed in 1853. The Japanese government emphatically declines such a connection. It has been reserved for the United States to break through the frozen sea of exclusiveness with which that interesting people has surrounded themselves, and to open a new era of friendship and commerce, and to posterity, to cultivate the amicable relations so happily commenced.

PROFESSOR PARKER'S SCHOOL OF ARMS.—We looked in the other evening at the teaching rooms of this eminent "master of fence," at the Polytechnic, in Fitz-street, and were pleased to find that he had succeeded in inducing his pupils to lay aside the sword with the small sword, the stick, and the bayonet, and showed themselves extremely active and intelligent. This kind of exercise appears to suit well with our modern youth, who are so fond of the most other many sports, with the sword and good will, and it enables them to become tolerably proficient. We have said so much at various times about the necessity of being acquainted with the use of these arms, and we are glad to find that the school is so successful in repeating our belief in the usefulness of these exercises. We would advise all who can to avail themselves of the instructions of Mr. Parker, as we understand he is a likeable and intelligent man, and we are sure that the "military" citizens present as visitors on the occasion of our "look in" upon the Professor.

THE ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.—As our readers pass from Woking to London, we advise that they should keep their eyes open after passing the Polytechnic, where they will find a large board which marks the site of the land belonging to the Royal Dramatic College, on which the actors are being built for the future residence of the actors and actresses. The college is a large building, and the actors and actresses have been devoted to amusing, easy, and likewise instructing, a very great number of their fellow-actors, and who have not been fortunate enough to receive a pension of £1000 a year, and who are now in the theatrical profession to help each other has always been proverbial, and was very recently conspicuous, on the occasion of a benefit at the Royal Italian Opera House, where the British sailor, who was retired after years of retirement, and at the age of seventy-four came bounding forth gallily as a boy, to receive a pension of £1000 a year, and who was now in the theatrical profession to help each other has always been proverbial, and was very recently conspicuous, on the occasion of a benefit at the Royal Italian Opera House, where the British sailor, who was retired after years of retirement, and at the age of seventy-four came bounding forth gallily as a boy, to receive a pension of £1000 a year, and who was now in the 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METROPOLITAN GOSSIP.

(From the Liverpool Advertiser.)
London, Saturday Evening, 6th May.
In the miscellaneous estimates, issued this week, credit is taken, of course before hand, the money being already spent, although it is pretended to be asked for, to the extent of some £600, for the external repairs of Pembroke Lodge, and for rebuilding a portion thereof in consequence of settlement having taken place in the main walls. Pembroke Lodge, as all the world knows, or at least should know, though it doesn't, is the tenant-for-life residence in Richmond Park of the Foreign Secretary. It is to be hoped that the repairs effected in that not particularly picturesque dwelling, and the correction of the settlements in the walls, are emblematic of the renovated condition of the noble occupant. He has just escaped the fate of Acton, and is not yet devoured by his own dogs. His reform bill hasn't been openly buried by the Premier, but is reserved till June for the judgment of the House of Commons. The general massacre of the innocents will prevent any special ignominy in its "fond parent's" eye attaching to that particular infanticide. No doubt the mode of the sacrifice has been arranged at this evening's Cabinet Council, when the Comptroller of the Household can hardly fail to have been in pre-eminently hilarious spirits, seeing that he has an archbishop and a bishop to manufacture. This unequalled scene of paradiacal felicity must confirm his early conviction that there is no such thing as original sin in this world, and that any other world must be a superlative one indeed if it equal the present pleasant sphere where the sun, moon, and stars windfall, mirror, and always raining on some heads, and without the trouble of having to wear them, he having now the filling up of the archiepiscopal see, and also that of the episcopal one to be vacated by the promotion. It is not to be wondered, therefore, if he humours Lord John by affecting to fall in with any little horse-poddy for investing the bill with some trifling respectability before kicking it into the middle of 1861. By that time the present cabinet, and perhaps half-a-dozen others also, will have gone to pieces, and been patched up again, and probably Bright will be in regimentals as War Secretary; for really the rifle man is progressing at such a rate that a surfeit fever will seize upon the gentleman in drab ere long; and the member for Birmingham burst into an erysipelas of red cloth and gold epaulettes; as of course when John does begin he won't stick at such a compromise as the volunteer pepper and salt saltery. Why the children are in arms. At to-day's review in St. James's Park, which Bright couldn't avoid seeing if he tried, there was Queen Elizabeth's School, a couple of hundred little fellows, the tallest not four feet, the oldest not fifteen years, marching and countermarching, and going through evolutions like Peninsular veterans, and beating drums and blowing their own trumpets as loud as ministerial members of the House of Commons after one of Gladstone's fantasias on the budget. The bill of mortality are bristling all over with municipal variations of all ages and all professions, from aldermen to apothecaries' apprentices; and if the Chancellor of the Exchequer will only bring in another scheme equal to the last for ensuring eternal friendship with the French, the British females of this metropolis will feel bound to rush into inexpressibles and bloomers in readiness to repel the invader, of whom coming there will then be no doubt. Indeed, there doesn't seem to be much doubt of it now; for what with the talk in both Houses all the week, Lyndhurst on the navy, and Cambridge on the army, in the Peers, and a score of alarmist speakers on the unpopularity of the Comptroller, it might be thought that the ministerial fathers of Westminster were waiting for Mr. Reuter to telegraph the departure of a fleet from Cherbourg with legions of Teutons firing their cannons. Happily our cockney countrymen, though not very philosophical, take things cool for the present; yet the general commotion of the kind alluded to would imply a presentiment that there is looming in the future some thing warm, that may turn out towards the dog-days. Meanwhile we put our trust in Providence, and are getting our powder so particularly dry that there may be spontaneous combustion if we don't have something or other to blaze away at shortly.

Parliament in interest to the proceedings in Parliament are still the doings of Pullinger, who has done the Union Bank out of upwards of a quarter of a million. It was thought he would get off scot-free, though Scotchmen, the most double-sighted of all Highlanders, were his overlookers; and overlook him they certainly did. The chairman and one of the founders of the Bank, and who and whose family and friends, not forgetting "the devoted Scrimgeour," have found many a golden egg in that comfortable consanguineous nest, and in other collateral ones too, is Sir Peter Laurie, the sage who boasts he would put down suicide, and vowed he would walk any day twenty miles to see a reformed criminal. Very fortunately he won't have to take so long a journey to behold such a phoenix in the person of his pet, the aforesaid Pullinger, who, it was expected, would call upon the city Solon at his west end residence, one of these days, and consult with him as to the desirability of amending the law which permits knaves to rob an establishment wherein they can prove a presumptive co-partner. It was very doubtful if Pullinger could be laid hold of under any clause of the Fraudulent Trustees' Act; and, if not, the chances were numerous in favour of escape. Formerly he could have been secured under the Joint-stock Act; but that is repealed; and many wise men of the east held that he was consequently intact. It is with an eye to like contingency that the Bank of England will not permit their employees to hold Bank Stock; because, being shareholders, they would be partners, and might do what they liked with their own, even when occasionally mistaking *tuum* for *meum*. Hence the anticipation of Pullinger's acquittal, at least on the more serious charges. The words of the Fraudulent Trustees' Act, 20 and 21 Vict., c. 64, are these:—"If any person, being a director, member, public officer of any body corporate or public company, fraudulently take or apply for his own use, or for the use of any other property of such body corporate or public company, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." The words of the Joint-stock Act, 7 and 8 Vict., c. 113, are these:—"No action or suit by or against a public company shall be in anywise affected by reason of the plaintiff or defendant therein being a shareholder; but the same remedy may be had in respect of any cause of action or suit whatever which each shareholder or company might have had if such cause of action or suit had arisen with a stranger." This act is now repealed; and it was assumed that, if he had not confessed, the meshes of no other statute would be strong enough to capture the leviathan swindler, whose exposure has prompted a glorification of the management on itself, and a touching appeal to the fiducial shareholders on behalf of the devoted Scrimgeour, whose romantic credence in the probity of the Robert Macaire of Princess-street had

been so rudely overthrown. How truly romantic that credence was appears from this, that when, in the casual absence of Pullinger, who had fraudulently locked up both the real and the fraudulent Bank of England pass-books, instead of leaving the latter accessible as usual, Scrimgeour sent over to Lothbury, for mere form's sake, to know what was the balance to the Union's credit; and when he saw a discrepancy of a quarter of a million as compared with Pullinger's figures, he put it down to a mere clerical error, and treated it as a good joke against the lax book-keeping of the elderly female of Threadneedle-street. Nay, on sending for Pullinger he thought it a capital piece of pleasantry; but Pullinger soon showed him how blank was the fun, and made a clean breast of his empty chest. The horror of Scrimgeour is described as tragic, with a good deal of the comic;—the latter element being appreciable exclusively by disinterested spectators; for it was only a short time previously he was swaggering about the impossibility of fraud in the Union, the model bank, the bank of the model Sir Peter Laurie and the model Laurie family, directors of North British and no end of assurance and other companies. The great difficulty now will be to prevent actions for recovery of the money lost through notorious and undeniable neglect of directorial duty; but by no means can the bottom be got at of the ramified ruses and dupes forming the Pullinger frauds, especially the alleged Stock Exchange complications. Respecting the latter, the less said now the better, considering how much and how worse there may have to be said shortly. The frankness of the fellow's admission of guilt at the Mansion House yesterday encourages the belief that he will afford every facility for pointing the moral of the old tale, namely, how one man may steal a horse when another must not look over a hedge; how little knaves are laid by the heels, and clapped on the treadmill, while large ones go on their way rejoicing to May meetings, and subscribe to societies for taking the Emperor of Assinthe's hair out of curl, and the cultivation of crinoline among the ninety-five undraped wives of that polygamous potentate.

Pullinger has hitherto passed for a somewhat exemplary character in private life, being free from mere sensual vice. Therein he differs from others of the late gigantic rascals, but not from Sadlier, of whom it could not be even said what is known of Pullinger, that he was fond of his stomach, a gourmand in food, a gourmet in wine. It was expected that, at yesterday's examination, even this negative praise would be shown to be fallacious, and that his expenditure partook of the complexion of that of many of his prototypes. Nothing of the sort has thus far transpired in an accredited form. At the same time there are manifestly absurd tales about his expenditure in the Red-path line of luxury, articles of taste, virtue, and so forth. It was said he had given large commissions for pictures at Brunel's sale, described here this day fortnight, the proceeds of which, it may be as well to state, now exceed £12,000. Other sales of a like kind have been going on at the same place, Christie's, all this and last week, the prices not being less probably than £30,000 in the aggregate. This day week, for instance, there was a sale of Mr. Heughe's pictures, from Manchester, some of the prices being given apparently in very wantonness. For example, a little thing of Turner's, some two feet square, Bambergh Castle, was put up at 200 guineas; the limit of the commission the auctioneer had; whereupon Mr. Pennell, said to be a Cottonopolis Croesus, bid 300, and it was forthwith knocked down, there being no other offer. If this sort of tariff is kept up with the pictures at the Royal Academy, which opens on Monday, and of the private view of which the papers to-day are full, our artists will soon each be sketching a millium piece of their own, with his portrait in the foreground, large as life, and not much less unnatural. Before speaking of the exhibition it may not be amiss to say that Holman Hunt's "Finding of Christ in the Temple" was taken some days ago to Miss Nightingale, at her present town residence, the Burlington Hotel, Cork street, where many a thousand cork has been drawn at the expense of Merseyman rascals; for Liverpool Town Hall witnesses a merry ahoal of turtle made love to, and in the shape of venereal haunches, more stage dispatched by venereal Dicky Sams than ever Jacques ruminated upon in the forest of Ardennes. As the public are aware, Miss Nightingale has been an invalid ever since her return from the Crimea, whence she has carried hither the virus of insidious disease, so typical of the *maladies* in which the whole credulity and connivance, sham war, and aggressive peace were conceived by an un-English British Cabinet, and carried to a close by that Greek of the Lower Empire who enacts the role of a Mac-covine satrap at Tulleries as the never-to-be-crowned Napoleon III. But though confined to her room, the indefatigable Florence, with a self-devotion that would have ensured her canonization in the days of St. Ursula, has been incessantly toiling for the amelioration of the corporeal ill that flesh is heir to; and actively enforcing, in a thousand ways, those most practical of all precepts whereof her Notes on Nursing are made up. Being unable to go out of doors, and expressing a desire to see the artist's rendering of his pathetic and sublime subject, the picture was conveyed to the bedside of the exemplary woman so much of whose own life has been embodied by the text symbolised on the canvas—"Wipe not that I must be about my Father's business." Something more than a singular coincidence, therefore, was in her longing to contemplate the pictorial representation of the divine worker and instructor pictured amidst the realities of the never-changing East; and as nothing could be more flattering to the prestige of the painter than this anticipatory eagerness to see his handiwork, so could nothing be more confirmatory of the deservedness of his repute than the judgment of such a critic that this performance is worthy of him.

Conspicuous from their absence, or by most inadequate evidence of their presence, are several of the illuminative lights of other days in this year's gathering. MacLise is too intent on his heroic frescoes, Waterloo and Trafalgar, in the Royal Gallery of the Lords, to meet his "line," and his countryman, Mulready, is away. So are Ward and Eastlake; while in miniature, Sir W. Ross, whose works form a large exhibition of themselves just now, at the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi, is dead; and Carriek is reduced to colouring photographs, Thorburn having forsaken his first love, and taken himself to oil. The general public will find that miniatures, beautiful miniatures, are almost turned out of doors; architecture having shared much the like fate; and nearly the same thing may be said of sculpture, so far as the quality of the "stone ideal" is concerned;—an aggregate of results truly titillating to the amour propre of a nation that will persuade itself it must be going ahead in all things æsthetical

because its newspapers tell it so. But then, can there be a doubt that in the homely, the matter of fact, and the common-sense-able we are advancing? When Sidney Herbert, the other day, told the engineers that it would be as well not to expend a thousand pounds on works that could be constructed for as many shillings, he was regarded as though an oracle had spoken. This year the hanging committee are applauded as if they had discovered a new tint in the rainbow, and the art of reproducing it, because they have found out that it is not beneficial to the effect of paintings to hang them out of sight. Accordingly, this suspensatory jumbo are bedaubed with panegyric for having done away, for the first time, with the sky line, that is, with the practice of sticking pictures close to a ceiling some thirty feet high, merely because their frames would fit there and nowhere else. So wonderful a reformation in this age of improvement seems to have predisposed all visitors who have yet got their noses within the privileged precincts to open wide the eye of unqualified admiration of all things within scope of vision, and to unloose the tongue of laudation on all hands. Everybody has surpassed himself, which was the only thing left for him to do, as he had surpassed everybody else before. This is particularly applicable to Landseer's "Highland Flood," wherein, on an area twelve feet by eight—the largest he has yet executed—he enacts all sorts of marvels in the animal magnetism line, translating semi-submerged sheep, cows, donkeys, pigs, and other wild fowl, into surprising natural curiosities, or curiosities of nature, over which the pseudo-enthusiasts rhapsodize without end; or without middle or beginning either, for the matter of that. Liverpool Ansell is likewise in great force with a grand gallery picture, most conspicuously placed, the "Lost Shepherd," and in reference to your local limners, it may be said that Westcott has three portraits, on a noble full-length, in his best manner, and no better manner; there is extant, while Dawson's "St. Paul seen from the River" might pass for a Turner, and a good one too, equalling the same artist's Westminster Palace now hung in the Speaker's house; while Marshall and Oakes likewise have charming subjects congenially treated. But of these and other Lancashire wetheries more will have to be told another time.

Somewhat of a local as well as universal interest may be said to attach to O'Neill's picture, because of the occurrence—the wreck of the Royal Charter. The crowded deck of the doomed ship, the wild elements, the rock-bound coast, and the conveyance of the rope ashore by the Volunteer (hence the name) are delineated with a vividness that will secure a constant group round the picture. Perhaps the most generally attractive "on the merits," as the lawyers say, will be the Incident from the Life of Marie Antoinette, by Elmore, who has a genius for the sanguinary dramatic. Next will perhaps be Millais' tale of love and war, the "Black Runewicker," (said to be already bought for £1,000 by Gambard,) a superb piece of phosphorescence for the large number who are enamoured of the phantasmagoric exertations of the Pre-Raphaelites, though sober tastes shrink from the paper mache glitter and glare of the colours and contrasts. A very effective affair, only less so than his Derby Day of last year, is Fritsch's Claude Duval—a whole chapter from Harrison Ainsworth, but told in a dozen lines by Macaulay, from whose pen Fritsch's pencil has transferred it. Egg Tames the Shrew in a companion to his Brunel Shakespearean production lately before us, Katherine being seated, the make-believe violent husband having just removed the meat from before her. Among Grant's portraits are Sir W. W. Wynne and Lady, subscribed for at one shilling each by 12,000 admirers, as many as Fusell or Owen Glen-dower could probably boast of at a time. Solomon's new version of the Bridge of Signs—the suicide of an unfortunate frailty from off Vauxhall instead of Waterloo, with the drowned and ghastly corpse exposed under the light of a policeman's "bull's eye" before a party of masqueraders returning from the Gardens, will prove a magnet with the million admirers of the horrible, being moreover very natural though very French, but on that account all the more manifest that a Cheswick carry away prizes at a Cheswick floral fete, if there is ever to be an exhibition of the sort again, which the metropolitan gardeners seemed to despair of till this week when their drooping spirits have revived at the report of a regular not to extend these remarks into a regular notice, which would be very irregular in such a place, it will suffice to say that anybody going to the Academy this year with moderate expectations, and disposed to be pleased with mediocrity, leaving out the sublime of it, will not be disappointed. Country cousins should bear in mind that the best time to go, if they really want to see the pictures, and not the dresses of the ladies looking at them, is the morning, meaning thereby not three o'clock p.m., but eight o'clock a.m. The Academy is the only exhibition open to the public, the directors being intent on the capture of the mythical golden worm which rewards birds that are sometimes upon the wing in picking up vernacular crumbs of comfort.

The real reader of the collection, in the eyes of the multitude, because of the alluring theme, if not of the treatment, though the latter is admirable, is the Marriage of the Princess Royal, by Philip, and which met with great praise at the royal visit on Thursday, several of the originals being in the picture, and therein contemplating their "counterfeit presentments" with not unjustifiable complacency; for the painter has not been too much of a parasite. While toying down the Consort's piquidity, he has retained a portliness not altogether inconsistent with grandfathers' gravity, and has given him an expression of open far, to counteract the cutting thinness Humboldt has lately said of R.H.H.'s narrow-mindedness, and which so many other people say, of cottee in a whisper, of his narrowness in another sense, meaning a sordid one. Growing years reputed to be accompanied with increasing partiality for pursuits which first led to Birmingham christening him Archimedes, when the Lord Harry was asked if the scientific Albert wasn't an adept at the screw? In matters of art these penurious proclivities are developed in a style unpleasantly incongruous with the Mediocrity credit he is so anxious to keep up, and does keep up with the public, though the profession know differently, subject not of rejoicing and gratulation, but of condolence and commiseration with all brethren of the brush, so far as the direct sterling results of the patronage he ever drove bargain in the honours. The shrewdest and most close-fisted dealer that ever drove bargain in the accomplished F.M. Our Teutonic Macmaas appraises

the market value of every element in his pictorial orders just as certain dandies about town used to do in the last generation when they got dressed for next to nothing, because their wearing of them advertised the tailors. Arry Scheffer, twenty years more from huxtering old Louis Philippe, who well knew the value of a penny, for he had often to earn one before he could buy a roll to break his fast, than any twenty of our artists, Landseer and all his Noah's ark included, have derived from our court, which certainly does not hate "booby and bawling," as certain of our German royalties boasted of doing, but indulges the love thereof by the most adroitly close-shaving contrivances. Albert would have been our man for the French Treaty, and it is surprising that Gladstone, who is constitutionally thrifty himself, and knows how "thrift doth follow fawning," did not propose him. Assuredly the cunning and greedy Gauls would not have overreached him in the way they have done the Unadorned One, who has so muddled matters that whereas Bull could formerly get three francs in exchange for half-a-crown, he has now to pay half-a-crown for two francs, and another half-crown's worth of puffery of that imperial magnanimity, which permits this self-picking of our own pockets for the enrichment of anti-reciprocal neighbours.

But what could the Prince know of things mercantile? There is nothing he doesn't know that money is to be made out of. To that sort of learning there is indeed a royal road, and he has found it out, and perambulates it with an eager continuity that should constitute him president of the Peripatetic Club, if there be such an association. No danger of his being open to the reproach against Mechi of not being able to tell to a farthing the profits of farming because of imperfect book-keeping. But that is all well enough; and so too may the civil list curtailment, though an ex-keeper of the sovereign's conscience has said it is illegal to put in the privy purse what has presented itself to the monarch to be otherwise disbursed. What is not so well, however, is the revival of all sorts of feudalistic seigniorial pretensions, dead and buried since curfew-time—enforcing obsolete rights of royalty, and forestries, and forebushes, and crown claims without end, in mines, water-ways, and the Siamese Twin ghosts of Coke upon Lyttelton only know what besides. It was some few, but only a few, of these circumstances that were vaguely hinted at here the other day, when speaking of the Duchy of Cornwall Bill being hurried through the Commons, in an empty house, towards midnight, Mr. Disraeli "happening" to be so mysteriously present, and taking so lively an interest in the promotion of an obscure Government measure, the real drift of which only some half-dozen "independent" members had the least idea of. They dare not all their souls their own, much less cry out about their property being affected; in such fashion, for instance, as that at Falmouth, where, to the chagrin of the Cornish men, accustomed though they are to sharp practice on the part of the crown attorneys, the pressure has been just put on to the tune of some £1800 for the "privilege" of using the bed of the sea for a purpose of great public utility. But why doesn't somebody protest? Fine talk. Where is the rat will bell the cat? A tale is unfolded to-day by Mr. Morris Moore, writing from Milan, as to the consequences that await any one who shall dissent from anything suggested by anybody connected with that exalted quarter, indicated however distantly, or in however humble a capacity. Witness the wrath, which the experienced Morris, that, combining "the ferocity of the middle age with the malignant meanness of this," he falls on all who spoiled the job about Otto Munder, "an expert" who was about for scouring the continent in search of the ringings of galleries, to be bought by the British public at prices that would be extravagant for first-class works;—said extravagance contrasting strangely with the excessive frugality already adverted to touching all things pertaining to that cardinal point in personal arithmetic, Number One. These fruits are to be regretted for divers reasons. They give rise to talk that isn't agreeable;—talk that isn't restricted to small scandal-mongering Boswells of the school of Mr. Judge, the Windsor eavesdropper, who inventoried, or perhaps invented, the alleged cheese-parings and candle-ends and savings at the Castle;—a repetition of the ignominious which Gillray and Peter Pindar have elevated in connexion with Queen Charlotte and her skin-flint spouse. But the sting of all that satire, however, was blunted at the death of that careful couple, when it was discovered that their reputed stinginess had resulted in no accumulations, and left "no effects"; nor had there been any appropriations worth talking of during life. Still the stories, and the use made of them, did much to profane the divinity that should hedge a king. Prodigality is one thing, but the opposite extreme is another. It is perhaps even less easily excused in "a true prince," with whose very being one instinctively associates liberality, and has no desire to see him in youth "take up with the good old gentlemanly view of avarice, all-wise housewife saws to the contrary notwithstanding. Meanwhile the community at large have reason to rejoice that, annulled by the considerable countenance of royalty, merit, in a thousand ways, comes to light, and is nurtured afterwards into health and vigour by the public, let grumblers grumble as they will, and as they do, about stunted pecuniary encouragement from the supreme fount.

BRITISH TRADE WITH DENMARK.
(From the Mark Lane Express.)
ONLY a few days' sail to the north from our shores is situated a small kingdom with which we have now and then had some unpleasant dealings in time gone by, but in the holding of the keys of the Baltic, and charging the shipping of various nations a good round sum for permission to pass the narrow Sound. These differences have, happily, passed away, and we have compromised the matter of Sound dues by the payment of about £1,200,000, as our share of the redemption. Although the kingdom of Denmark has a population no larger than London, yet we carry on a very fair amount of trade with her people, and are likely to do more.

There has been a gradual and regular increase in the general trade of Denmark during the last ten years, and particularly with England. Being almost exclusively an agricultural and seafaring country, Denmark exports comparatively few articles of industry or manufacture, and in this respect therefore offers an excellent market to the British importer. Since the abolition of the Sound dues, its importance to the British wool and cotton trade will be necessarily increased, as Copenhagen will become an entrepot for Russian produce destined for England on the one hand, and for British wool and cotton goods on the other. The value of our exports to Denmark in the last three years has averaged £750,000, while that of the imports from Denmark is about £2,000,000 to £2,500,000 per annum. The aspect of Denmark

generally is that of a rich, well-cultivated country. The constant humidity of the atmosphere is favourable to vegetation. The pasturage is fresh and luxuriant, and the rearing of stock, particularly horses, is carried on extensively. Besides the cereals, tobacco, flax, hemp, and hops are cultivated in some districts, while great quantities of fruit are cultivated in gardens and shipped to Russia.

The distillation of brandy has of late years made rapid strides, while its exportation has correspondingly increased. In the year 1834 45,576,961 quarts of brandy were distilled, of which 3,066,209 quarts were exported. The tax on this spirit forms a very important item in the revenue of the kingdom. Twenty years ago consular returns gave the consumption of grain and pulse in Denmark at a little over 6,000,000 quarters, while that saved for seed was 1,100,000 quarters, and the exports 900,000—in all about 8,000,000 quarters, or a product of about eight bushels to the bushel sown. Since that period, however, a great improvement has taken place in Danish agriculture, and the production is hence greatly extended—the exports, for instance, in grain and pulse being now double what they then were. But it is not merely by the direct trade that we can benefit; the indirect trade is likely to be very considerable. The import and export trade of Denmark in 1855 amounted to about £11,000,000 sterling, and during the last eight years has increased in a ratio of 44 per cent.

The trade of Great Britain, Russia, and Denmark, our Secretary of Legation at Copenhagen believes, will gain largely by the redemption of the Sound dues, and the transit and other dues being comparatively moderate, that Denmark may become an important transit station between England and Russia. Since the years 1854 and 1855, when the trade of Iceland and the Faro Islands was thrown upon to foreign nations, another valuable market has presented itself to British trade; the most important export articles from these parts of the Danish dependencies being sheep, wool, tallow, salted fish, horses, and cod-liver oil; the principal imports from England being coal, iron, salt, and manufactured goods.

Looking back as far as 1839, we find the agricultural exports of Denmark were considerable. Thus in that year there were exported to England 240,340 quarters of grain and pulse, and to various countries 11,674 horses, 27,904 oxen, 7459 cows, 10,737 calves, 14,426 pigs, 16,264 sheep and lambs, 11,278,000 lbs. of salted and cured provisions, 1,070,500 lbs. of cheese, 73,732 barrels of butter, 76,300 tons of tallow, 3,500,000 lbs. of hides and skins, 1,737,100 lbs. of wool, and 10,000,000 lbs. of bones. In 1848, the value of the exports from Denmark to the United Kingdom was £242,321, or more than half of the whole exports. In the next five years, the imports and exports increased about half a million in value.

In 1852 the following were the chief articles of agricultural produce imported into the United Kingdom:—

| | Denmark proper. | Duchies. |
|-------------------------|-----------------|------------|
| Bones, lbs. | 4,575,269 | 3,738,689 |
| Beacon, lbs. | 1,639,366 | 2,941,504 |
| Butter, No. | 620 | 15,390 |
| Cattle, No. | 1,662 | 60,173 |
| Swine, No. | 1,475 | 40,564 |
| Hides and skins, No. | 2,216,514 | 936,518 |
| Wool, lbs. | 2,865,177 | 665,772 |
| Butter, barrels | 51,325 | 12,669 |
| Cheese, lbs. | 114,325 | 1,457,897 |
| Meat, lbs. | 963,340 | 1,078,575 |
| Corn and grain, barrels | 2,338,166 | 806,008 |
| Oilcake, lbs. | 6,537,222 | 18,407,197 |

Of live stock, we have received from Denmark, on the average of the last five years, 16,000 head of cattle, 1500 cows, 400 horses, and 10,000 sheep annually; 3000 to 4000 cwt. of butter (although in some years it has been as high as 13,000 cwt.); 7000 to 8000 cwt. of salted pork, and a little bacon; 2500 cwt. of tallow, 13,000 or 14,000 cwt. of hides, 2,800,000 lbs. of wool, 10,000 tons of oilcake, a few thousand pounds of bristles, 4000 tons of bones, 5000 to 6000 cwt. of flour, and 850,000 qrs. of grain and pulse.

There is a steady export trade in horses of about 12,000 a year, which are sent chiefly to Prussia, Hanover, and Hamburg; and about 50,000 head of horned cattle, half of which come to England, and the remainder go to Altona and Hamburg; 70,000 or 80,000 barrels of butter are also sent to the neighbouring ports.

The countries from which the chief imports take place are England and Hamburg; those from the latter place, however, can only be considered in great part as *re-exports*. The Danish people are a thrifty and industrious race, and with the advantage now afforded them of the export of their produce by steam vessels and railroads, they are likely to advance even more rapidly in agricultural progress.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND SOCIAL REFORM.

(From the Times, May 18th.)

LET us imagine some native of the sober south taking, about ten o'clock last night, an observant and rambling walk through the streets of London, making his way deviously from the region north of Holborn, and bent upon witnessing the proceedings of the British Legislature. He would pass through the Seven Dials; he would wander to and fro in a maze of courts and alleys until he emerged into Coventry-street; he would pass down the Haymarket, and would find himself by way of Parliament-street at the lobby of the House of Commons. At the corner of every street, and midway between the corner of every street, in the most wretched of the thoroughfares he passed, he had found magnificent palaces lit up like the scene of an Eastern story. He had pushed open the swinging doors, and peering in, had beheld rage and rottenness, had heard a babel of curses and obscenity, and had seen a huddled mass of filth and wretchedness. Perhaps he had pushed his way through the bloated livid creatures, braving the stench, the smoke, and the drunken familiarities of the crowd, with the desire to know what was the great and absorbing argument which drew them together. He had found that they came there to drink vitriol. They called it gin, but the gin they were drinking was a coarse burning alcohol; and there they sat or stood about, pouring down this pernicious stuff from small metal measures, until they reeled, and quarrelled, and fought, and shrieked, and blasphemed. Ever and anon, as they had emptied their pockets and fulfilled their measure of drunkenness, the proprietor of the pandemonium thrust them forth into the public thoroughfare, or called in the paid guardians of the public peace, and complaining of the disorderly conduct of the penurious drunkard, sent him off to prison to be sobered at the public expense. It may happen that our curious foreigner may in other parts of the world have seen the frenzy of an African when excited by rum; he may have seen the contortions of Arabs under the influence of hashish; he may have seen a Malay furious from bang, a Turk trembling from the effects of opium, or a Chinaman emaciated from

inordinate indulgence in the same vice; but for a scene of sterling vice, and lust, and filth, and frenzy, all drawn into one pit, and fermenting under the patronage of the law, he might search the world all over, and never find a rival to that object of ambition to respectable vintners, and that creation of Middlesex magistrates, "a thriving public house in a low gin-drinking neighbourhood." After he had passed some score of these, and had noted all their various classes, from the rage in the Seven Dials to the more gaily frequented haunts of the Haymarket, there can be no doubt as to what would be weighing upon his mind; it would be the profound feeling that "Surely the great and absorbing vice of the lower classes of this nation is drunkenness."

We have brought our foreigner to the lobby of the House of Commons. We will now take a liberty with the regulations, and introduce him into the Speaker's Gallery. He looks down upon an assembly of, with all faults and exceptions, the first gentlemen of the world. Our friend's attention is immediately riveted by seeing that our most consummate orator is on his legs. He listens, and still he listens, first with bewilderment, and then with stark disappointment. That great rhetorician is talking nonsense. He is proposing to the House of Commons to make it penal for any person to sell a quart of claret to be carried away in a quart jug, or to allow it to be taken away in any other measure than in a quart or a pint bottle. Again, he is proposing to the House to put a veto upon the sale of unfortified wines, and to place the exercise of that veto in the hands of the magistrates who license and regulate those thriving public-houses which he saw in operation in those low gin-drinking neighbourhoods. If our foreigner will listen a little longer, he will find that he is incorrect in his obvious conclusion that these measures are proposed with the avowed intent of perpetuating and forcing to nightly recurrence the scenes which he had just witnessed in the Seven Dials and the Haymarket. They are, forsooth, concessions in the interest of religion and morality. The orator is standing at bay. He is surrounded by assassins. He has proposed to set up a rival to the Gin Demon, and all the priests of this grim idol are attacking him. They do not call out, like the honest shrine-makers of Ephesus, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" they do not cry, "Great is Gin, and great, when ameliorated with salt and drugs, is Beer!" They are indignant only in the cause of virtue and sobriety. They are apprehensive only of what will happen if claret should come to be drunk in places where people cannot get gin. They are fierce only in their virtue, vehement only in their sobriety, zealous only in their wish to save the lower classes from the immorality of drinking light French wines. There is Mr. Aytoun, who represents Whitechapel and its neighbourhood, where all may be seen which can be seen in the Seven Dials. He is devoted to far less some parent might be so depraved as to give his son, a youth perhaps about fourteen or fifteen, a little claret to drink with his dinner, and he proposes a penalty against any one—not being one of the privileged pandemonium-keepers—who shall sell a glass of wine to be consumed by any person under sixteen years old. Of course, the pandemonium-keeper may, without lawful hindrance, serve gin to a woman to pour down her infant's throat. There is Mr. Salomons, whose glory it is that he is a Hebrew, but who is in terrible alarm lest the Christian Sunday should be desecrated by a draught of claret. There is Mr. Hardy, who perhaps is only affected by a desire to see some crochets of his own in an Act of Parliament. There Mr. Edwin James; and there are innumerable other assailants, all attacking the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in front, in rear, and in flank, and all proposing vexatious restrictions, tending obviously to render it unprofitable to keep a pastycock's shop and sell claret and sherry, but most profitable to keep "a thriving public house in a low gin-drinking neighbourhood." The nonsense which Mr. Gladstone is talking is only talked under the compulsion of these attacks. He is giving up what, in the name of virtue and sobriety, the licensers and brewers, and the political friends of the licensers and brewers, are squeezing him too hard to allow him to retain. When our foreigner leaves the House of Commons he will have added one more profound conviction to his mental store, and will say, "Surely even the drunkenness of the lower classes of this nation is exceeded in its intensity; it is not so wonderful as the hypocrisy of the higher classes."

It is, indeed, passing strange that men can say and do what has been said and done in resistance to the proposed permission to sell wine in places that may be entered without pollution; but, strange as all this may seem, we must not allow those foreigners from a distance will criticize these debates to conclude that the action of our Legislature is to be in any way judged by the words spoken in Parliament. Mr. Henley spoke last night for the Justices, and Mr. Edwin James for the licensed victuallers, but the great body of the House said nothing, but voted with steadiness in favour of common sense and civilisation. They cannot help free Britons from passing from the pawnshop to the ginshop, and there making beasts of themselves; and they acknowledge the advantage of giving them the choice of a milder and less poisonous stimulant. When we consider the great wealth, the widely scattered connections, and the great consequent political influence of those who gather to themselves the earnings of the masses by means of these public-houses, and when we further remember the local electoral interest which these public-house-keepers have all over the kingdom, it is to the credit of the House of Commons that this valuable reform has been so far passed. It diminishes the power of magistrates, it deteriorates the monopoly of the great brewers and distillers, and it lets loose competition against the publicans. Against all this there is nothing to be placed but a prospect of weakening our great national vice. The majority by which the second reading of this bill was voted was, under these circumstances, quite as great as could be expected; the extent to which it was last night supported was satisfactory to those who are aware of the pressure under which many members were placed who were steadfast in their public duty, and who assisted the Chancellor of the Exchequer to give his countrymen of all classes their choice between a refreshing draught and a poisonous dram.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—To take white stains from varnished furniture produced by burning stink cologne or spirit; Mix lamp oil and fine sifted wood ashes, and they will disappear. To take ink-spots from mahogany: Touch with oil of vitrol, for a moment or so till gone; then wash off with warm water. To drive a wrought nail into a solid oak timber: Immerse first the nail thoroughly in sweet oil; then drive. To take out the sting of a bee or wasp: Apply at once strong potash water, if obtainable; else salt water.

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NOTICE
In closing
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THE CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON I. Published
by order of the Emperor Napoleon III. Vols. I.,
II., III. Paris: H. Plon.

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